

The Last Words
of
THOMAS Lord BRIDE

John in Shore-boulevard, S. Isaac Clark to his Lordship's Brevy-house.

THE "MY GOOD FRIENDS AND NEIGHBOURS."

Y
Our become (I thank you) to the me dyer: and let me re-
quest you to take my last Breath. I'll no let Speeches the
long Parliament loades you with that; (so many Speeches
as, if orderly burnt, would brew one hundred Quarters of
Malt;) & had late speaking still, if his late High-bourns had not been dead, &
bless'd them. I speake none neither in the Commons, nor in the other Chamber
and yet I must either now speake or else hereafter forever hold my peace.
My Conscience, (is my Conscience) speaks. And the first thing then is
upon my spirit is the Killing of the Beares, for which the people haire
me, and call me all the names in the Rain-bow. But did not David
kill a Bear? did not the Lord Deputy Ireland kill a Bear? did not an-
other King of ours kill five Beares, and five Edictors made Beares be-
ing the Beare Act 1603, and nor in England? You know
I was high Sheriff of the County, and if I might not kill a few Beares
why was I made Sheriff? I thought it our interest to let nothing live
that would fight; and therefore we made an Act against Beare, & such
other have kill'd far greater things with less Conscience. But per-
haps they'll say I strook at the Privy-garde; for Kings & their
Provosts have a Priviledge, when they find a good Massive Dog, to
clap their collar upon him and use him for the Game; and so to kill the
Beares, hang the Dogs, no Bear no Dog. But think you the Provosts
will reach to Beares? or that Great Britain in Westind is full of Dogs?
are we, like St. Mallowes, guarded by Mafives? the French have ever
made us their Apes, and must we follow their Deggs too? If an English
Massive get whelps in France they all prove Courtes, (I will not say French.)
Souldiers there may never turn French.) Can we forget that horrid Ac-
cident which Major General Skippen came into Horse-lister wounded to
London? when he pass'd by the Brew house near S. John's street, a
Devillish Massive flew (as at a Bear) at one of his Horses, and held him to fall by the stones, that the Horse grew mad as a wild-dog, the
Souldiers so amaz'd that none had the wit to shoot the Massive, but the
Horse-lister born between two Horses tos'd the Major General like a
Dog in a Blanket. Thus young Dogs sic Horses and Men. And for
Women

Woman, rememb're not ~~that~~ ~~the~~ abominable M'live took a ~~dispre~~
 fasion with an ~~Elde~~ Mahi. Nay, nor a Cow in the streets by night, but
 the Watchmen Dogs heale prettily to her, which makes your *London*-Piggs have such round heads: and when I my selfe had my first
 Brew-house (which was at *Pig's corner*) I heard a Pig bark, where-
 by I knew 'twas a City Pig. Here's a sweet stir with Beares and Dogs,
 able to make a wile-man mad: for first they pretend to preserue their
 Dogs, yet rayl at me for shooting the Beares that kill those Dogs; and
 then tax me for killing the Beares, yet set their Dogs to tear the
 Beares in pieces. Yes, and the Man that ow'd the Beares now
 sues me for destroying his Goods. but what the Devil are
 Beares good for? They bragg of a *Wapon-salve* made forsooth of
 the fat of Beares kill'd in the *Act of Generation*, (though Beares
 never generate but by night when none can know it:) my Sword
 hath made some Wounds, let them anynt the blade of my Sword
 and try how many Cavaliers 'twill cure. The Devil has a hand or
 a foot in this *Sales* if it come from Beares: for, you know the Beast,
 with seaven heads and ten horns had the *foot of a Bear*, whence peo-
 ple say *A Bear has the Devil's foot*: You think I meane the *Bear as*
the Bridgfoot (for *God sends meas and the Devil sends COOKS*:) I
 mean a Limb of the Devil, and is it a sin to destroy the Devil. *George*
 was Sainted for killing a *Dragon*; (*Saints* of old like honest *George*
 used to kill *Beafls*, but now *Saints* commonly kill *men*;) the *Dragon*
 and *Bear* are Pictures of the same; for the Devil hath divers Surge-
 ns put on; he wears not only the Beast (a *red Dragon*, an *Ouer*, a
Bear) but a very Man, a Woman, in Silk, in Buff, in a long Mourning
 Cloak (to hide his cloven foot) and too often a *Saint* or *Angel*
 of new *light*; yet then so like as one Devil to another. An Au-
 thor of *Ours* said the Beast's *ten horns* are the *Kings* of *Europe*;
 which may bee the reason why the *Members* that voted against
 a *King* were so hot for *Decimation*: thole *Members* were not the
major part, but the *Major Generall part*: I confess that *Author*
 wrote after the *King* was beheaded, when our *Libertines* stood commi-
 ted to severall *Koers*. And yet I would know that *Member*'s name
 that would not be a *King*: every creature (above and below) hath a
 Monarch in his belly: the *Devil* would fain have bin *King of Heaven*,
 and *Adam* scorn'd to be *King of the Earth*, and each of his sonnes
 would be *King* of all the rest. And (to speak my Conscience) if the
States should vouchsafe to name me *King*, I think I should not question
 the *Election* to do, though it were (as I hear the *Persons* once chose a
King)

King) by the neigboring of a horse. But he shal haue. Itt's may foun
be a King; and therfore I love to haue my Marie; but whi with a
vengeance shoulde we haue Beares that feed upon Horse-flesh? My
Physician say, that an old fellow one Flury told him, that a piece
of Horse-flesh will grow by boiling, which shewes the Devil
and his Banishe is in Beares; for all things else will boyle away to no
thing: had all my Beer had a good sound boylng, I had not dyed
with a pound of Hopps. Are theire your Hearts of the Gams? I pro
fesse I haue Gaming, there's an Act against it, though some of
us on a play deep as any, and the Gamelets made Dice of some of
Their bones who made that Act. (O who can tell how a man is
used when once he comes to be a dry bone!) Something there is that
Dice run now more falle then ever, that so many new curses follow
those bones. Perhaps the Beares come not within the Ring of this Act
against Gaming; yet both Dog and Bear are within the lits of the Act
against Duells; and though they are out of the Act of Oblivion, yet
some new Jas. es. brought them within the Act for Marriages. Tis
confess'd they fight, but not for us; they are no part of the militia,
and never paid so much as Pole money: they never with Lions were ad
mitted into the Tower, nor shew'd at Westminster among the five Sibylles,
nor ever reckon'd among the Crown Jewells. There were Propositions
for bringing in Plaice, money, and Horse, but not for Beares. And yet
how muft England turn Greenland? the War has made it Red Land,
and Funerals make it black Land, & our Ministers make it blew Land.
But if I never answer for killing any thing but Beares I shall do well
enough: Were I arraign'd, it could not be Murder, but Beare-
slaughter: nay I kill'd them in my own defence, for they would haue
kill'd mee, which is more then can be laid for putting many a thousand to
death. O but they lay / kill'd them not fairly, but shot them dead in
cold blood? And am I the first that did so? have wee not done it over
and over? I kill'd them as wee kill'd Lucas and Lille, two as brave men
as the King had any: what? would they haue mee haye them to death? do
I look like a Beare-ward? or should I knock them in the head like
an Oxe? there is a Major Generall can do that better then I. I
remember one (now a great Lord) who speaking against Strafford, said,
Beasts of Prey ought to have no Law: shall wee grant that to Beares
which we deny'd to Strafford? A Cavalier told mee that this was but
a Quibble upon the word Law, for there is (and bee) no Law for Beares,
but that a man may kill them for his use, and the more boldly and leas
pays the better; and if a Hare or Stag have Law, that is, liberty to run
us not for them but for our selves, to prolong our sport in their destru
ction.

Orion. However that Quibble was reasonable then, and did our wretched Strafford and Canterbury. But mark how both sides plead to mee ; the one say's, *Beasts of Prey must have no Law* ; the other say's *There is no Law for Beasts* : so both say 'tis lawfull for mee to kill the Beares. No matter how ; hang them, shoot them, chop of their heads, send them to Jamaine, any way is best. For can there be Beasts more Malignant then Beares ? I look'd but in my Almanack, and therel found two Doggs and two Bears among the Stars ; and choel dare say are *Malignant Stars* ; for within two lines the great Bear is call'd *Charles Way*. By this you'll imagine *Malignants* are in *Heaven*, &c. wee and they shall scarce meet in one place ; for els 'twere madnes in us to kill them, because thereby wee send them to bee happy. But They as well as Wee would faine live, and would have good Estates as they had before, and as Wee have now : 'tis in our Power whether They shall live but not whether wee our selves shall dye ; for though our Army bee as strong to day as yesterday, yet our own Bodies draw nearer Death. Behold it in mee : and remember *Nasby*, which made us what wee are ; how the King's best men, when the Victory was theirs, took a bottomles fancy of running all away, having done the like before at *Marston-moor*. I have known six thousand (and no Cowards neither) by all like Bedlams when no enemy was within leaventeen miles, and if they were all arm'd upon Oach they could not tell why. And they say that one poor wooden Horse at *Troy* did more then all our Army in the *Indies*. 'Tis certain no Woman is so fickle as an Army. I speake not for my self ; for 'tis well known I have done my part, 'tis I have kill'd better things than Beares ; and kill'd them as men should bee kill'd, either in the field or in a *High Court of Justice* ; the best *Cavalier* among them all (the King himself) I Judg'd to the Block, my Lord *Hewson* is my witness, for hee late next to mee. Perhaps they think my Lord *Hewson* and I not fit to bee *Judges* because of our Trades ; but let them shew mee one Text of Scripture where *Butchers* and *Sheamasters* are forbidden to bee *Judges*. I confess in *Juris of Life and Death* wee except against a *Butcher* as blooded in fluying of Sheep and Calves ; but if hee onely kill Beares and Men hee may bee either a *Juror* or a *Judge*. I knew a *Judge* did use to mend *Stockings* ; (I spare his name because hee did a *Bushells* for mee) and 'tis as lawfull to mend *Shears* as *Stockings*, and if a *Judge* may bee a *Cobbler*, a *Cobbler* may bee a *Judge*. As for mee, 'tis true I have borne a *Shear*, which made a Knave call me *Sr Thomas Slaney*, but I made the *Smoothness* shorter for it, by one, and that one shorter by the Head, and had done as much for young *Mardon*, but that having dranke *White-wine* that

[5]

that morning,) I slept forth to the Wall, and before I could return, *Mer-*
dan was quit. Thus the Life of Man is but a passing while. But what
if I have born a *Sling*? did not David so too? the difference is, He
laid by his *Sword* and took up a *Sling*, and I layd by my *Sling* and took
ups a *Sword*. Kings, Lords and Gentlemen take mony for their Land, o'
thers sow it and telle the Corn to us; wee advance it to good Beer and
Ale, and then sell the Drink to those Kings, Lords and Gentlemen; and
thus the Cup goes round. They sell for mony, and we sell for mo-
ny: and if a *Shilling* had a *longe* as well as a *face*, it would say, *Sir, I*
am but weare peace whether you meete me in the Brew houses in the
Exchequer. 'Tis true, there are divers sorts of *Shillings*: some are *Brais*;
impudent *Rogues*, who when discovered are nayl'd to a Polt: some are *Lead*, *heavy*, *dull* *Beasts* that will not goe: others are right
Metall but clipe, *over decimated* things that would goe and cannot.
But *Brais* is *Br* is, and *Silver* is *Silver* at *Court* and at *Pyterbar*. I
was as *warm* in my *Leather* *Jacket* as in my *Scarlet* *Cloak*. The
first ge what an eye looke that *look* was to some, as if the Garment it
selfe could not indeed we had a man that wld to hang his Cloke in
my *newe* *moue* (as Country folk hang *Wool* over pales of *Wate-*
ter to make it *wiggle*) and so though not *Hec*, yet his *Cloak*
was a *Drunkard*. But *Cloake* or *Jacket* was the same man:
I never deoy'd, but still kept my *Trade*, (and if others had done so, a
hundred thousand Lives had bin sav'd) at last I got to be *Brewer* to
the *Navy*; and if each man had drank like the *Whale* at *Grampus* I
could have fill'd them all: for I had three *Brew houses*, one at *Lond-*
on, another at *Kingston*, and a third at *Edenburgh*. And why not
I have three *Brew houses* as well as *Assembly* and three *Beneficent*? they
were my *Living* *dead* as theirs were their *Living*. One of those fellowes
at *Margaret* *Westminster* (who had four *Prestement*) gives him by
the *State*, would needs teach us how to live by a *Word*: You'll ask
(said he) what *Word* is that? 'tis *Faith*, get *Faith* and I'll under-
take you may live *Gracious* like: but that *Ratcliff* brake his own
word with me, and dyed *Twelve* *pound* in my *debt*, I grant he was
first that told me my *Surname* came from a *King of Rome*, call'd (as I
remember) *Turkgummi Suparbas*: there were *sev'n* of those *Kings*,
but they are long since dead, and hence then call me one of the *seven*
deadly sinnes, they may as well call me one of the *seven Witches*, or
one of the *seven Planets* or *seven Wonders* of *the World*. But if we come
to such as *Hec*, 'tis a very hard thing we to be a *King*. They'll prove
(if you'll pay them) that *Edimbourg* and *Edinbur* were founded *by*
men *of English extraction*; (I know not whether we had the same
Mother, but 'tis said many of us had the same *Nurse*.) But I never
car'd

car'd three pence for their Praise ; therefore I pray ye ver not my Corps
with a huge Monument, which cannot protect it self, nor me ; and ma-
ny a man's Bones had slept in quiet if his prating Yumb had not told
where he lay. And troublous many Ghost with any of their Elegies,
Latyn or English, they make a noise but laugh at ; and are not worth
a handfull of Grans. I do meane Mr George Wibber, for he
got the *Grans* Office by Rummage he hath done told that Office, but
when will he sell his Yerles ? a Statute lyes upon them so as no body
will buy them. 'Tis not a Month since one of the Statute Pois brought
me an *Anagram* for me and my Wife ; but I hear those *Anagram-*
mers should be all fetch into a Court of Wards, for although they
have not Wit enough for *Lemarke*, they are dull enough for *Idiots*.
But now they'll all at me ; what a heap of paltry Quibbles and Clenches
will they throw upon me ? you'll hear them cry. Now Bride hath a
fall, ... Now there are but five deadly sinnes. ... O, sir, are you there
with your *Brewer*? They bin law me stand, holding my Crab-tree cud-
gell upright, and they cry'd, Lo, there's the Bear and the ragged staff !
How have they dragg'd my poor Name, & set me back from P to B, to
make me born in Bridle Church Porch ? 'tis false and Non-sence to
call me BR DE, though my Wife was so when I led her to Church.
I know they'll tell you of my Letter to a Friend, where (instead *Can-*
not *Beer*) I wrote that I had on my *best* *Beer*. But all Letters & Books
are fables ; there's none of them honest except the *Bible*. I have an A-
bridgement of an *English Chronicle*, which drowns the Duke of *Ca-*
rrace in a *Rapides of Malmsay* (the Duke might as soon be drowned
in a *Thumble*;) but perhaps 'tis a whole *lawn* in the *Chronicle*, for my
book is but a *private*, *Hang Names and Wards*; *Grec* and *Latyn* will
not make an honest man ; and a man may speak Truth without true
spelling. I remember when I dined with the *Florida Ambassador* at
Alderman Navel's, where we had *Florentine* wings, I told the Alder-
man that when that *Ambassador* got home to his Country, he *must*
send us more of that *Florida wine*. They all smil'd, but what car'd ?
twere not two pence come if *Florida* were in *Italy*, and *Florence* in the
Indies : they should remember I was a *Brether*, not a *Father*. But I am
posting thicker where there are no *Quibbles* ; though I fear (in the incalce
condition I am now) if my self have bin for'd upon many, for Dying
men talk idly ; and he that is sick and talks much, can hardly escape
from *Quibbles* or *Non-sences*. And I hope you'll pardon my *hant-*
ing your Patience so long with the *Bearers* ; consider it was the great
Action of my Life, and the only thing (in the opinion of many) that
should lye upon my Conscience. I confess I thought the *Deceit* of any
Lyn

• Life had not bin expire'd, there is Breath enough in the world, but I must
 have no more of it. For Death, Death is the grand *Malignant*, and a
Malignant Fever is his Lieutenant General, and (which is worse)
 this *New Disease* is his Major General, a Disease which sweeps through
 all Countys of England. And though the Weekly Bills of Mortality
 know not us who dy in the Countrey; yet is my comfort I dy here
 in my own House at Newfuch. I was the King's Houle, and Queen Elizabet
 loved this above all her Houses; and some say my wife looks like
 that Queen, though the old Earl of *Manchester* was said to look like
 Her; (That Queen might look like whom she pleased, for She by Pro-
 clamation forbade any to draw her Pictures;) but I would not have my
 Wife like both *Her* and *Him*, and so make her a *Magistrate*. She hath
 brought me divers Sons; and I leave them good Estates; (I hope I do)
 and would gladly leave a good name to keep them company.
 The very *Malignants* say my Sons are civil persons: But
 should I live a thousand years they would not say so of me: I think
 twould not trouble them to see me renew acquaintance with my *Slang*.
 But how many know yet, that I raised like me to Power and Com-
 mand, have willingly returned to the place from whence they came?
 They talk indeed of a *Roman General* who came from the Plough
 (Dick Tater I think they call him) who having beat the Enemy went
 home to the Countrey, rich and renowned for a very wise man: And
 they say if that pittifull richard *Messanella* (who had a hundred thou-
 sand at his pleasure) had left his command, hee had not been rewarded
 with a misquic bullet, but had been honoured with a statue of Gold.
 'Tis true the Queen of *Sweden*, though born a King's Daughter, resigned
 her Crown, and vowed shee never lived happy til now. But her *Succes* of
 love's *Kingdoms* better then so, and will onely have as many as hee can
 get. Hee soon swallow'd *Poland*, and as soon disgorg'd it: and is now
 in *Danmark*, holding two Forts (with two hard names) which stand
 like our *Graves-end* and *Tilbury*: and had he strength to take Ours
 too, I think in my Conscience hee would make us all *Dams*.
 Hee has many Designs: but all my Designa is onely to save my *Estate*
 and my *Soul*. Indeed heretofore I had some little Pictes, but they did
 not all take: I thought to make the same Horses serve both for my
Casab and *Drey*; but I found my *Drey-hors* were too high shod, and
 I might as well have Harness'd the *Beares*. And yet I know what be-
 longs to *Horses*: for I was the first brought *Horses* into *Ram's*:
 and those *Horses* brought *Saddles*, for a *Saddler* hath set up another
Exchange there. I was told *Epsom* water might do mee good, but
 I durst not take it, having us'd the *Vicar* so very severely, lothat *Par-*
rish Priest should unhallow the *Well*; and (to say truth) from my *7th b*

do not know, for I am only a man,
but these are the words of the Lord,
which I have commanded you to speak,
and I have given you the power to do
it, for I am with you always, even
to the end of the world.

... My Foul mind mete of the late
like my dying (as I do now) I went to
them Colocel. Pride was there for then I
said to Pride "As a precious Tomb !
— Death ? had Little Strength and healthy
orange with any Lord in England. I now
willing as that Earle I might have been an
first of all the new Lord, whereby you'll
be in the Perceage. I would have no
a world of Doubts will be faul'd about the
of the question. Whether my Hous be
Buildings and within the Att) Whis-
tlers, because he's a Curtege. Then talk-
is Roof, Whether it be Tyn or Brack,
or Jack Straw. Whether it be the Upper
Showes and Caulk, & such Lumber is plac'd
over Courts of Warr, where none fit but O f
effemyn, many a Dying with to
all have been much puzzaled with the O h
Heale House in the Att Warr Courts of Warr in England.